

The Comickall Historie of

The best regarded Virgins of our Clime
Have lov'd it too: I vvould not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts, my gentle Queene.

Por. In termes of choise, I am not solely led
By nice direction of a Maidens eyes:
Besides, the Lotterie of my Destinie
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing.
But if my Father had not scanted mee,
And hedg'd me by his vvit, to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your selfe (renowned Prince) then stood as faire
As any commmer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection. *Mor.* Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this *Symitare*
That slew the *Sophy*, and a Persian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*;
I would ore-stare the sternest eyes that looke,
Out-brave the Heart most daring on the earth,
Plucke the young sucking Cubs from the she-Bears;
Yea, mock the Lyon vvhen a rores for pray,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Misse that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving. *Por.* You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazzard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or curs'dst amongst men.

Exeunt.

Enter

the Merchant of Venice.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to runne from
this Iewe my Master: the fiend is at my elbow, and temps me,
saying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe, good Lancelot, or good Iobbe,*
or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, use your legges, take the start, runne a-
way; my conscience sayes no, take heede honest *Launceler*, take
heede honest *Iobbe*, or as afore-saide honest *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe
not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragi-
ous fiend bids me packe, *fia* sayes the fiend, away sayes the fiend,
for the heavens rouse up a brave minde sayes the fiend, and runne;
well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, sayes
very wisely to me: my honest friend *Launceler* being an honest
mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne; for indeede my
Father did something smacke, something grow to; he had a kind
of tast; well, my conscience sayes *Launceler* bouge not, bouge sayes
the fiend, bouge not sayes my conscience; conscience, say I, you
counsell well, fiend, say I, you counsell well, to be rul'd by my con-
science, I should stay with the Iewe my Master, (who God bleffe
the marke) is a kinde of devill; and to runne away from the Iew
I should be ruled by the fiend, who saving your reverence is the
devill himsele: certainly the Iew is the very devill incarnation,
and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard consci-
ence, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Iewe, the fiend
give the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles
are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Master young-man, you I pray you, which is the way
to master Iewes?

Launceler. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who be-
ing more then sand blinde, high gravell blinde, knowes me not; I
will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Master young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way
to Master Iewes.

Launceler. Turne up on your right hand at the next turning,
but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next
turning turne of no hand, but turne down indirectly to the Iewes
house.

B

Gobbo